Red Riding Hood

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Red Riding Hood

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Summary

The wolf wanted to eat Little Red Riding Hood. He was waiting for her in a tree, but he was surprised when he met a stupid, naive and disguised woodcutter instead of a girl.

Notes

This is my first time writing something obscene. And I'm very scared. I can't write obscene !!! Please forgive me for this !!! But I hope you enjoy it

See the end of the work for more notes

The forest is an old place, abandoned by time and steeped in shadow. It is a place where secrets and mysteries hide.

The forest is not dark, but that only makes it more frightening. There is light here, but it is diffused and gray, as if it comes from the air itself rather than the sky. The sun does not penetrate through the crowns; it simply gives up at the edge of the trees.

The trunks are tall, dry, and sometimes bare, like skin peeled away by claws. The bark is covered with white growths that look like toothpaste. There is a soft, sticky moss between the roots that absorbs the sound of footsteps.

The wind doesn't walk here; it glides, sniffing eagerly, and sneaks through the leaves as if searching for prey. Sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it moans. It never stays silent.

Occasionally, black moisture drips from the trees — not water, but something thicker. It probably tastes bitter-sweet, like blood with sugar.

There are no birds here. Or they don't sing. There's a sense in the air that everything is hiding, waiting, and watching. It's as if the forest itself is alive, and you're not a guest but a victim.

The path is narrow and meanders like a snake with its head torn off. Its edges are littered with fallen petals, but not the bright autumn ones, but the blackened ones, as if someone had set them on fire but not completely. Sometimes it feels like the path is leading you, and sometimes it feels like it is deliberately meandering in the wrong direction.

The one of tree's bark was etched with deep grooves, the marks of claws too large to belong to any ordinary beast. These markings stretched upward, as if someone's paws had repeatedly clung to the trunk, climbing higher and higher, eroding the wood's flesh. Something was sitting on top of a giant tree that towered over all the others, like a giant guardian of the forest.

The creature stood at the very top, amidst the swaying branches, a dark silhouette against the deep night sky. Its form seemed indistinct, as if darkness itself had taken shape. There was no feature or skin to be seen—only a pair of glowing eyes, a deep, dark blue. They did not blink. He waited.

His eyes glided through the forest, slowly, almost lazily, like a predator that knows that sooner or later its prey will come out into the open. There was anger in those pupils and madness.

The forest around them seemed to hold its breath. Not a single leaf moved, not a single bird cawed in the branches. Everything around felt the presence of a being—alien, filled with a mute threat.

The moon appeared in the sky. Its languid light illuminated a long, gaunt body, with curves that resembled human, moving with a lazy, almost unnatural grace, as if every step were both a dance and a hunt. It wore a tattered coat, worn and tattered by time, swaying with its movements. From under the tattered robes, the flesh of the hands glistened with broken claws, smooth as black tar, as if it had been poured directly onto the hands and left to harden in the moonlight.

From the tangled blue hair, two ears could be seen, sharp as blades and curved back like those of a hunting predator. The long, wolf-like tail curled behind him, covered in thick fur, but it moved with the nervous, unpredictable grace of a cat—jerking and twitching, as if it had a mind of its own.

The face was hidden by long hair that kept falling over it, trying to hide the absurd mask — a smile that was too wide, too painfully forced, stretching from ear to ear, as if someone had cut open the

cheeks with a knife to squeeze out a parody of joy. The eyes shone through the hair, one of which was pierced by a scar that ran down like a jagged ribbon on wax. The scar looked almost accidental, as if it had been sustained during a battle.

On a narrow path, between two twisted roots, a figure appeared in the distance.
A girl.

A slender waist, a smooth curve of her hip as she moved, a scarlet cloak that fluttered like an evening gown at a foreign ball. Even her gait was slow and graceful, as if she were dancing alone, unaware that she was being watched.

Shadow Milk sat motionless in the shadows. He rose slightly, emerging from the darkness. His lips stretched into the same unnatural, painful grin, even wider than before.

His dark blue eyes narrowed like a hunter's, catching movement. He inhaled. And the scent of vanilla hit his nose like a spicy slap, tart, thick, too sweet to be safe. He narrowed his eyes.

Something was wrong.

Too smooth a walk. Too perfect posture. And that scarlet hood, barely held on the back of her head—as if on purpose, as if she knew she would be watched.

She wanted to be looked at. She drew the eye like bait.

But Shadow Milk ignored it.

He was too tired. Too hungry. He'd been waiting too long for that bitch to finally leave the house.

He silently jumped down from the tree, landing lightly like a shadow. Almost without touching the ground, Shadow Milk began to approach —slowly, with predatory caution, as if the taste of fresh blood was already on his tongue.

"Well, well..." He said, grinning. "What is such a sweet girl doing in a wilderness like-"

He paused.

As the distance between them narrowed, the illusion crumbled.

It wasn't a girl standing in front of him.

In front of him stood a massive, muscular man. His long, light-blond hair reached down to his shoulder blades, carelessly braided, as if he were trying to give himself the appearance of flirtatious innocence. He was wearing a dress with a tight corset that was desperately trying to hold his chest in place, but to no avail—every muscle bulged as if it wanted to burst out. On top of it all was a scarlet cloak that fluttered with the same grace, but no longer seemed elegant, rather theatrical, even provocative.

His face was pitted with scars, rough and old, like a map of battles fought. A stubble ran down his chin, light but noticeable— and Shadow Milk was certain it hadn't been there before. And finally, the eyes.

They were different colors: one a soft blue like a winter morning, the other a faded yellow. The gaze was unfocused, like someone who

didn't see everything—but it was still directed straight at him.

"Hi" man said, softly, almost purring.

Shadow Milk froze. For a split second, even his predatory grin disappeared.

Everything was not going as he had planned.

The wolf could only open and close its mouth soundlessly, like a beached fish. His jaw opened and closed again, but no words came out. He just watched until reality slammed into place.

And then the anger came.

"You." he hissed, finding his voice. "You blind old bitch !" Shadow Milk exploded, his voice shaking with rage and resentment at the same time. "What are you doing here, anyway? And why the hell are you dressed like that?"

He took a sudden step forward, jabbing a claw into the woodcutter's protruding, rock-hard chest. The woodcutter only swayed slightly from the impact, his smile growing even softer, almost condescending, like a husband finally reunited with his wife after a long separation.

"Ah, be careful," the woodcutter replied calmly, without batting an eyelid. "The corset is already choking me."

"I don't give a damn if this choking you! " Shadow Milk exploded, his voice almost a roar. "Why the hell are you dressed like that in the first place?! Where's that little bitch with the pies?!"

He stabbed muscular chest with his claw again, almost in hysterical desperation. "I've been standing here all day, waiting for she to finally come out of smelly grandmother's hut, which should have died a long time ago, and instead of her, it's you!"

He recoiled, his arms spread out in a gesture of complete, all-consuming outrage. "You! In a dress! With a corset! With a bristle!"

The Wolf was breathing heavily, his chest heaving, his eyes darting like an animal trapped in its own expectations. The world had collapsed. His perfect hunt went to hell.

"Oh, she saw you," Pure Vanilla said calmly, as if he were telling the wolf about the weather. "When you were hiding behind the bushes."

Pure Vanilla lazily stretched out, adjusted his hood and continued:

"The guys and I were just passing by. She called us for help. Poor thing. She was trembling all over with fear, well... I decided to go myself."

The Woodcutter took a step forward, and there was a shadow of something more serious in his voice, causing Shadow Milk to unconsciously take a step back.

"Because if Dark Cacao had there go instead of me... or Hollyberry," the Woodcutter paused significantly "you wouldn't be here anymore. Well, you would be... but with your belly ripped open and stretched across the branches. And you don't want to die that way. Do you?"

Pure Vanilla tilted his head to the side, and that soft, nauseatingly

innocent smile appeared on his face again.

"And about the costume... Well," Pure Vanilla drawled, his voice soft and warm like sweet tea with honey. "I thought it would be more dramatic." He slowly ran a hand over his scarlet cloak, as if lovingly brushing away dust—or emphasizing his choice of attire. "Don't you like the color red? It's so... provocative. Like blood on snow." Shadow Milk paused for a moment, trying to process whether he was being serious. His jaw began to tremble with rage again. His claws dug into the bark of the nearby tree. He stepped closer, almost touching, their breaths mingling. "Do you think I came all the way out here, stuck in these bushes and this fucking tree for the last two hours, just to watch you act like a woman?" Vanilla merely raised an eyebrow. His cloudy eyes stared directly at Shadow Milk, unafraid. "I thought you liked surprises," he said softly. "Or are you just afraid to admit that you... like it?" The Woodcutter slowly ran a finger over his almost naked chest, where the corset was clearly not doing its job. His smile became even more tender. Almost flirtatious. Shadow Milk realized at that moment only one thing: he would either kill someone now or... go crazy.

Shadow Milk let out a sharp breath and ran his claws across his temple, as if trying to scratch the scene out of his head. He needed to calm down, or he would kill the bastard.

There was a long pause.

Pure Vanilla blinked slowly, the smile not fading, but becoming a little more... compassionate?

Finally, Pure Vanilla spoke. "I even brought you some pies if you're here for food. You know, eating people is wrong and can be bad for your health."

From behind the woodcutter slowly pulled out a basket wrapped in lace fabric. Steam rose from something warm that smelled like

lavender and meat.

Shadow Milk stared at the basket, then at Pure Vanilla. He blinked.

"You're joking."

"Not a bit."

It didn't take long to persuade him. Shadow Milk was too hungry.

He snatched the basket out of hands without even looking at Vanilla, and immediately began to eat greedily. Pies, rolls, jam — everything disappeared into his mouth with a rumbling impetuosity, as if a hungry animal had been inside him for a long time.

He didn't care what he looked like from the outside. He don't care that the crumbs flew to the sides, that his hands were shaking, that some of the food was falling by. He hadn't eaten in weeks—if not more—and he wasn't going to give up a bite now.

He ate as if it was his last chance not to die. And in a way, it was. It was difficult to find food in the forest. Considering that the prey here thinks ahead and has to come up with tricks that unfortunately don't often work.

After a hearty dinner, Shadow Milk was lying at the foot of a huge tree, leaning back against the rough trunk. He was breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling. His fingers were covered in crumbs, fat, and jam—dirty, sticky—and he lazily licked them one by one, savoring the leftovers.

His jaw ached from chewing greedily, and his stomach was heavy, but for the first time in a long time, there was something other than emptiness in it.

Next to him, in the shadow of the same tree, Pure Vanilla sat quietly. He watched the wolf silently, his gaze unwavering, as if he were observing some rare, predatory beast that he had managed to feed for the first time without being eaten in return.

The smile on his lips remained. Patient.

The wolf gave a slight shudder when rough, warm fingers touched his skin. Instinctively, his muscles tensed, and his eyes half-opened like an animal sensing danger.

However, his anxiety was quickly dispelled when the same fingers gently brushed back his tangled hair and caressed the line of his temple. The gesture was strangely caring. Gentle. Almost domestic.

Shadow Milk did not expect affection.

"Hush," Vanilla whispered, still sitting next to him, a little closer than he should be. His voice sounded lower, softer. There was no irony or mockery in it, just warmth, deep and strangely personal.

He ran his fingers over the wolf's cheek, as if studying the texture of the skin, as if remembering. His hand slid further to his neck, under his chin, to his sternum, and stopped there, feeling Shadow Milk heartbeat. Strongly. Quickly. Cautiously.

"You're trembling" said the woodcutter.

Shadow Milk opened his eyes, slowly, with half an eye. For a moment, he wanted to roar, out of habit, out of anger, but instead, he just exhaled. The warmth of someone else's body was close. Unfamiliar. Too close.

"What are you doing ?" Shadow Milk rasped, looking away. But even his voice sounded not menacing, but strained.

Pure Vanilla didn't respond. He just leaned closer.

Their breaths mingled. Fingers slipped lower under tattered clothes, tracing chest, then stomach, as if by accident. The woodcutter studied, examined, stroked, as if he were reading the wolf through his touch.

Shadow Milk shuddered as the lips, scarred with old, jagged scars, touched his neck. A shiver ran down his elongated throat, as if a hot blade had been touched there. It might have been awkward, even unpleasant, to kiss with rough lips—rough, careless—but there was something strangely honest about it. Animal.

He squeezed his eyes shut, his head unconsciously tilted back, opening his neck wider, as if instinctively—as if his body was reacting before his mind.

The wet kisses moved slowly down his neck, to the hollow of his throat, to his collarbone. Each one touched not only his skin, but something deeper—something that Shadow Milk usually hid behind his threat and his teeth. Now, it was all exposed.

He exhaled heavily, and yet, with an effort, he raised his hand. He tried to push woodcutter's away, pressing on the shoulder with a weak, symbolic gesture.

"Get away... you madman," he whispered, his voice strained and tangled in his breath.

But his hand slipped off the warm skin, and his fingers unfurled. He

was unable to push the massive body away.

Pure Vanilla's body was hot, sweaty, and too close. His rough hands now slid along Shadow Milk's sides, slowly but with confidence, as if they knew exactly where to stop, where to linger. Without rushing. Without asking.

Shadow Milk let out a short, hoarse moan as Vanilla's lips closed around his neck with unexpected roughness, as if he wanted to leave not just a mark, but a branding.

"Fuck," Shadow hissed through his teeth, jerking his shoulder.

Pure Vanilla rough lips sucked greedily at the skin, lingering on the pulsing point. Shadow Milk felt the flesh burning under his lips, every millimeter exploding with nerves. It was painful. It was sweet. It was humiliating, because his body responded before his will.

The wolf exhaled, leaning his head back against the tree trunk, his wolf ears twitched, and his tail twitched convulsively, as if he didn't know what to do with himself. He felt trapped, unwound from the inside, twisted.

When lips finally came off, skin was on fire. Vanilla looked at him with the same soft, lingering smile, and a drop of saliva slowly slid across his lips — as a signature for what he had done.

Shadow Milk felt a heat. It spread from his chest, up to his head, and down. A thick, dense, growing heat, like melted wax, spreading down his lower belly and gathering in his groin. The feeling was almost forgotten—foreign, too vivid, like an electric shock to a body that had been dead to such things for a long time.

Shadow Milk was confused. So much so that his breath was broken into a new, predatory rhythm, his chest heaving more often, and his body seemed to refuse to lie still.

It was cramped down there. The fabric of his pants was painfully tight, and any attempt to move only exacerbated the discomfort. He could feel the skin beneath his pants becoming sensitive to the point of pain, every drop of heat pooling in the exact place where he could no longer ignore what was happening.

Such a reserved-looking woodcutter. Silent, as if cold. And when in close contact, hot.

They didn't speak. Not a single word. There was no need for language between them - everything happened at the level of the body, smell, breath, heart rhythm.

They bit each other's lips, sometimes sharply, sometimes greedily, stealing each other's breath. Fingers slid over body, rough and confident, as if they were exploring each other for the first time, even though they knew exactly where to press and where to touch to make each other gasp, surrender, and melt.

The kisses turned into bites—moist, warm, painful. Shadow Milk’s neck was covered in marks: dark hickeys, red marks, thin scratches from Pure Vanilla’s unshaven chin.

And now hands—huge, calloused—were boldly reaching into his pants. Without asking. Without pausing. Without tenderness. It wasn’t a gesture of love.

Shadow Milk hissed, writhing under hot breath as hands touched the bulge in his pants. He arched his back, pressing against the tree, trying to pull away—but his body wouldn't listen. It craved more. It responded before his mind could.

Shadow Milk narrowed his eyes, growled almost silently, and ran his

hands over Pure Vanilla's body, starting with his shoulders and moving down to his hips. Confidently. Slowly. His fingers slipped under skirt, exploring and parting the fabric. There was a bulge under skirt. Smooth, firm, and hot. Shadow Milk began to stroke it gently but with increasing confidence, savoring each short gasp that escaped Pure Vanilla's lips.

The Woodcutter pulled away from his neck, leaving a trail of blue, almost inky hickeys, and for a moment, Pure Vanilla squeezed his eyes shut as a wave of pleasure rolled through his body.

And suddenly — a sharp slap on the hands. A loud slap. Confident, without anger, like parenting.

"Don't," Pure Vanilla's voice was almost silky, but with a special tone that made Shadow Milk shiver. "You're a good boy... aren't you?" The woodcutter continued, leaning closer, their foreheads almost touching. His breath was scorching.

"And good boys listen..." Pure Vanilla lifted Shadow Milk's chin with two fingers, gently but firmly.
"If they want... a prize."

Vanilla's clouded eyes looked straight into his soul. There was everything: excitement, power, warmth, and something akin to deep affection.

Shadow Milk was once again gripped by a shiver. He clenched his teeth... but he submitted.

For now.

The plump lips, scarred with old wounds, closed over Shadow Milk's

dry, thin lips again. The kiss was demanding, insistent, burning the air from his lungs. The wolf was gasping, from the lack of oxygen, from the rising desire, from the length of time it had been going on. Too long.

The fabric of his trousers was unbearably tight, and Shadow unconsciously began to press closer—only to be met with a hard pushback. Vanilla's large palm abruptly pushed him back, so that the back of his head thudded against the bark of a tree. He wanted to roar, but he didn't have time.

"Sit", Pure Vanilla said in a low, hollow voice, in which not a shadow of the former softness remained.

And Shadow obeyed. Unconsciously. Almost on autopilot. He looked up, and their eyes met again, two cloudy, multicolored eyes, the threat gone and something unbearably warm looking back at him. The gaze was gentle.

Shadow Milk looked away. A mistake.

Because now he was staring directly at the woodcutter's corseted chest. Massive, tight, stretched to the limit. With each breath, the fabric became increasingly tense.

Shadow Milk closed his eyes, his ears pressed against his head. He wanted this stupid idiot to fuck him. Right now.

He couldn't think about anything else. All the roads in his head led to the same point. He didn't know how to deal with this desire. It was burning inside him, making him feel hot.

He reached out, hesitantly at first, but with increasing boldness, his

hands settled on Vanilla's back, feeling the firm muscles beneath the thin fabric. He slowly slid down: shoulders, shoulder blades, waist—until he reached his hips, and then he firmly placed his palm on his groin, feeling the hot tension beneath the fabric again.

Pure Vanilla only smiled slightly, watching him from under half-closed eyelids. And then he suddenly grabbed wolf tail.

Shadow Milk cried out, his body jerked, and the wave of desire froze halfway, breaking into a loud, broken moan. He squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his teeth.

Vanilla leaned closer, nuzzled his neck, inhaled the scent of his skin, and whispered:

"Don't"

Pure Vanilla's voice was quiet, but it left no room for argument. It was cool, like water on hot skin. It was commanding, like a slap on the wrist, like a step back at the most inopportune moment.

To Shadow Milk, it sounded like a punishment.

He froze, not believing for a second that he had heard correctly. And then there was disappointment.

He closed his eyes, clenched his jaw. A wave of anger rose in his chest—familiar, quick, and biting. It boiled like a fire that had been doused with oil. The light breathing, the tension pulsing between my legs, and the trembling in my fingers—all of it became unnecessary. Unnecessary. Humiliating.

He exhaled sharply through his nose, clenched his fists. His lips twitched in a dull, malevolent snarl.

What does this bastard even to do ?Arouse — yes. To tease - of course. And then: 'Don't?' What the hell is going on?

He opened his eyes slightly, looking at Pure Vanilla. Anger, resentment, and something sharp-almost pain—pulsed in wolf gaze. Shadow Milk didn't like feeling like a toy. And that's exactly how he felt right now

"What kind of bastard are you?" Shadow Milk said it softly, but with venom in his voice.

He pushed off from the tree, trying to push the huge body away from him, but he couldn't do anything. The wolf's ears were quivering, his tail was quivering, and his breathing was still labored.

Pure Vanilla continued to smile calmly, as if everything that was happening was just a game, where he knew every move, every breath, every outcome in advance. His scarred palm gently caressed Shadow Milk's cheek, and his voice, low, gentle, and drawling, whispered:

"Bluebird..."

The nickname hung in the air like a spell. Voice penetrated Shadow's skin, reaching into the softest parts of his soul, places where he allowed no one to touch.

The Woodcutter fingers found his ears, which were sensitive and sharp. The hands were gentle and strong, squeezing his ears softly and then with a slight pressure. The wolf's ears twitched and trembled, betraying his body. The other hand moved down to his aroused penis.

Shadow moaned low and hoarse, through clenched teeth. He hated it. But he wanted more.

The calloused palm, warm and rough, created the friction.

His whole body seemed to be drawn to this feeling, as if it were the center of the universe. But it all stopped again. Abruptly. As if he was once again suspended on the edge.

He had no time to breathe or roar, as other lips approached his again. Soft, warm.

And in this kiss there was no longer any roughness. It was almost a consolation. Almost an apology. And from this - only more pain.

When he was pushed away again, gently but with that familiar detachment, and lips returned to his neck, marking, tormenting, and teasing, Shadow Milk broke.

He howled, a wild, desperate, almost pitiful wolf-cry, coming through clenched teeth, from the depths of his being.

"FUCK ME ALREADY!" His voice was hoarse, torn. He couldn't believe he'd said it out loud.

He lay there, breathing raggedly, pinned to the ground, his eyes full of rage, desire, pain, and finally, submission. Complete, hot, and desperate.

And then Pure Vanilla... froze.

The Woodcutter slowly pulled away, looking down at him with a calm gaze, as if the bastard had been waiting for this confession. This scream. This surrender.

He smiled softly, with a predatory shadow in the corners of his lips.

"I thought you wouldn't offer."

His fingers rested on Shadow Milk's thigh, firmly, possessively. The woodcutter's body loomed over him like a mountain about to collapse. And in that gaze was everything: hunger, strength, promise, and... a strange, almost imperceptible warmth.

Shadow Milk shrieked, not out of fear, but from a sudden, almost animalistic sensation as strong hands tore his tattered, already-torn T-shirt. The fabric creaked under the pressure, and split at the seams with a loud crack. The torn scraps fell away, revealing his body.

The cold night air pricked his skin like needles. He cowered on the ground, trembling. His thin body, covered with a thin layer of sweat, seemed almost transparent in the moonlight. His ribs were clearly visible, like shadows on a white canvas. His sharp collarbones, his sunken stomach, and every bone seemed to be made of glass, vulnerable and tense.

The wind was piercing, not just cold, but frightening, like the touch of something alive, icy, ruthless. Shadow began to tremble really, shallowly, convulsively.

And then Pure Vanilla gently, almost solicitously, ran his hands over his stomach. Large, warm palms were rough, callused, and rough, but

they moved slowly, as if he were warming him and dispersing his trembling. First, light circles around the navel, then slightly lower, to the sides, and then back up to the ribs. Where the skin is particularly thin and sensitive. The woodcutter was in no hurry.

The movement continued, warming his as if this idiot wasn't touching a wolf, but some wild, downed, trembling creature that needed to be revived before being disassembled.

Shadow Milk's body gradually warmed up. The shivering subsided, replaced by a heat that spread beneath his skin, like a fire igniting within his bones. His clothes began to feel uncomfortable, pressing and constricting, but instead of stripping off the last of his garments, he reached out to Pure Vanilla.

It was as if there was something more than just a desire to see. It was a need to unravel every last piece.

At first, he watched in silence as the woodcutter slowly unbuttoned his scarlet cloak and threw it off. The cloak fell to the ground with a dull rustle.

The fingers move to the corset. It's massive, tightening the chest, with tight ties. Blonde man is breathing heavily, and Shadow can't stand it anymore, reaching out to help. With a deft movement, he unties the laces, and finally, the fabric gives way. The corset falls, and the woodcutter sighs as if he's been freed from shackles. He chuckles and simply throws the garment into the bushes, as if shedding his skin.

All that remains is a thin white shirt, which looks like a nightgown or a linen shirt, and doesn't fit the massive body. It slides off almost on its own, the soft, translucent fabric sliding down the shoulders and arms, disappearing into the darkness.

And Shadow Milk... froze.

His eyes are wide open. It's not lust inside. Not only that. It's surprise. Almost reverence. He reaches out slowly, as if afraid it's a mirage.

Vanilla's tanned skin is warm, rough. Scars run across his stomach, not thin, surgical ones, but jagged, as if left by claws, blades, and time. Some are already white, while others are fresh. None of them spoil it.

Every movement of Vanilla's body emphasized its power: deep breaths, a slight arch of the back, and a slow rotation of the shoulders. A body built not for beauty, but for strength.

Shadow ran his hand over the scars. Slowly. He exhaled harshly, and the corners of his lips twitched in a predatory, satisfied grin.

He was purring. In a genuine, animalistic way. It wasn't just interest. It was recognition.

Shadow Milk ran his fingers over a body he knew better than he cared to admit.

These scars were familiar to him. Every one of them. Some were thin, almost forgotten, like the scratches of old words. Others were jagged, torn, left by his own claws and teeth. He not only remembered where they came from—he remembered why.

One under the ribs, a scar from that night in the woods when he had grabbed Pure Vanilla in a fit of rage.

The two on the right side are the result of a fight.

One thing he knew for sure: the woodcutter never attacked first.

Never. Not even when he could. Not even when he should. Even wheb he should only defended himself.

Shadow Milk ran his hand over his chest again, almost tenderly this time. He knew this body. He knew how it moved, how it breathed, how it trembled, how it tensed. He knew its pain, its strength, its limits. And how it responded only to him.

In a minute, the clothes were left behind like husks, like something unnecessary in this new, hot space between their bodies. They were separated only by the density of their breath. Pure Vanilla fingers, warm and heavy, glided over his fragile form, firmly grasping his hips, exploring his back, and then settling on his ass, squeezing it tightly.

Shadow Milk's body was burning with desire. His thoughts were scattered, and reality was shimmering like the air above a campfire. It came down to the touch, the heat, the way control slipped away. He let himself just be. Feel. And then...

"You're too thin. You need to be fattened up" Vanilla's voice was calm, almost thoughtful.

The wolf froze. It took him a moment to realize what he had heard.

"What?" he breathed, staring at the woodcutter as if he were crazy. "Are you fucking serious ? Now ?"

The woodcutter just chuckled in response and leaned closer. His large lips touched the wolf's cheek, leaving a soft kiss, then moved to his neck and collarbone. Each touch was like an apology.

Shadow snorted, his forehead pressed against the woodcutter's shoulder.

"You jerk," he whispered.

Shadow Milk looked ahead of him, but he could barely see. All his attention was focused on one thing: the body pressed against him. The warmth, the moisture, the movement, it all blended into one sensation. The line of his chest, the heavy rhythm of his breathing, the rippling muscles beneath his skin, it was all he could focus on at that moment.

Arousal pounded in his temples. It wasn't a feeling, it was a poison. Sweet, thick, and mind-numbing. Everything else faded away. He didn't try to analyze it, he didn't want to.

He's brought back to his senses by a kiss. Shadow Milk presses himself against Pure Vanilla and feels their cocks touching. It's hot and wet. It's like an electric shock.

It was like a jolt of electricity. Pure Vanilla's movements became more intense, as if they had switched roles. Previously, Pure Vanilla was patient and gentle, but now his movements were firmer. More confident. There was a predatory quality to his actions. He no longer waited; he took.

The other hand slowly slid down to the buttocks. The movement was lazy, confident, and there was no hurry. The fingers slowly clenched. Smoothly, persistently.

One of the fingers began to move inward. At first it was a gentle intrusion. Then the movements became bolder, deeper, and the wolf howled in sharp discomfort. It was on the edge between pain and heat.

The wolf reacted instinctively, striking the woodcutter in the chest, a brief, reflexive act of fury. His body tensed.

And everything froze.

Pure Vanilla raised his head. There was no anger in his gaze, only realization. He slowly pulled away, and his lips found Shadow Milk's skin once again.

"I'm sorry, bluebird. Too fast, huh?" he whispered. The words were soft, voice slightly hoarse.

Now, in this strange, shaky moment, Shadow Milk felt almost ridiculous. Like a princess.

He didn't mind being on the bottom, especially with someone who had long since become more than just a casual encounter, someone whose touch he remembered even after months of separation.

But when was the last time Shadow Milk allowed himself to relax like this. To unabashedly submit to hands, to eyes, to touch.

Fingers continued to stroke his back, waist, and hip gently, almost mechanically. And suddenly there was that deafening silence again.

Pure Vanilla pulled away. Not abruptly, on the contrary, carefully. There was something strangely serious in those eyes.

"Do you want to stop?" the voice is hoarse, but calm.
He looked straight ahead, without pressure, but with some deep shadow in his eyes. As if he was ready to retreat if necessary.

Shadow Milk blinked.

"Well, no," he breathed, and a crooked, sly half-smile appeared on his lips.

He wrapped his arms around Vanilla's waist, gently stroking his back with his hands, as if redefining his silhouette.

Pure Vanilla looked up at him. It was the look of a beaten puppy, afraid of being pushed away again.

Shadow Milk, already knowing those eyes as he knew himself, sighed heavily.

Pure Vanilla presses closer from behind and leaves marks on his neck, stroking his stomach and touching his cock with hand. This makes Shadow Milk moan softly in pleasure. His half-moan is muffled when the woodcutter responds by kissing him back. He also strokes wolf cock. Shadow Milk doesn't immediately realize that a finger is being inserted into him.

Two fingers take the place of one, Shadow Milk tries to relax while Pure Vanilla's other hand caresses his cock. The sensations become more intense, Shadow Milk wants to scream and feel this bastard's cock inside him. He can't keep silent.

He bites his lip and says. "Fuck me already, you bastard."

Shadow Milk screams loudly, as Pure Vanilla's cock suddenly enters him. Pure Vanilla carefully, almost tenderly, wrapped his arms around Shadow Milk, allowing him to catch his breath without saying a word.

So he pushes deeper, making the two of them moan. They do it quickly, dirty, because they don't have much time. Shadow Milk rocks his hips, and Pure Vanilla cock penetrates deeper. He takes the lead, kissing roughly. The big hands respond by gripping his hips tightly, causing pain to leave marks.

Strong hands grabbed his hips, and the elastic member began to quickly thrust into his body. The moans turned to a scream, and Shadow Milk writhed under the pressure of Pure Vanilla. The tremors slowed down sharply, then increased on the contrary. His breathing quickened at a crazy pace.

The moans merged with the night air, growing louder—ragged, intermittent, almost bestial. Their bodies moved in unison, as if guided by one ancient rhythm that needed no words. They weren't looking for tenderness —at that moment it was all about power, about giving back, about instinct.

The skin burned under the touch, under the scratches, under the bites, leaving traces — not as wounds, but as signs of belonging. They clung to each other as if it was their only chance of not falling apart.

Not humans. Animals.

———————

The hut stood at the edge of the forest, almost lost in the greenery. Its walls were made of dark, rough-hewn wood, some of it cracked with age. The roof was old but sturdy, covered with moss and autumn leaves, as if nature itself had chosen to hide the house from prying eyes. A thin stream of smoke curled from the chimney, reminding one that the interior was still warm and alive.

The small windows, crookedly set in the walls, glowed with the soft light of candles and a fireplace. The setting was simple but comfortable: an old wooden table, a pair of chairs, stuffed cushions on a bench against the wall, a bookcase filled with volumes, and a fox-skin rug by the hearth. The air was filled with the scent of dried herbs, dust, and freshly brewed tea.

Dark Cacao paced back and forth, his composure fraying with each step. His heavy boots thudded on the wooden floor, and his long, dark

hair, with a subtle streak of silver, had escaped from his neat braid and now fell over his face.

"Well..." he muttered, unable to hide his annoyance. "Three hours have passed, and he's still not here."

He stopped and looked at the old clock hanging over the fireplace. The hands moved slowly, as if on purpose.

HollyBerry was sitting at the table, folding her arms and calmly sipping tea from a porcelain cup. Her light pink dress emphasized her genuine calmness. The look was soft, a little mocking, like someone who knew everything but preferred not to interfere.

"Panic doesn't suit you," she remarked quietly, not looking up from her cup. "He'll be back, just like always."

Dark Cocoa exhaled noisily and ran his hand over his face again, pushing his hair back. "And if he doesn't come back this time?"

HollyBerry just shook her head, took another sip, and added quietly:

"Just wait. Sometimes waiting is the hardest part."

On a bench against the wall, under a blanket and near a blazing fire, sat a young girl in her early twenties. Her long, snow-white hair was plaited into a thick, neat braid that hung over her shoulder. She was wearing oversized clothes, a shirt with wide sleeves, a belt that barely held her slender waist, and a knitted sweater that was clearly not her own.

She looked uncomfortable, as if she was out of place, like a bird in a cage. Tan fingers nervously tore at the edge of the sleeve, then one by one nails, skin. Finally, she stood up abruptly, throwing the blanket off her lap, and her voice rang with alarm:

"I can't do this!" She blurted out, her eyes glistening with suppressed tears. "We have to save Pure Vanilla. This wolf is dangerous! He wanted to eat me! If it hadn't been for him... if it hadn't been for Pure Vanilla..."

She grabbed a light coat hanging on a hook and began to hastily throw it over her shoulders, her hand slipping off the sleeve, her movements sharp and desperate.

"I have to go! Right now!"

Dark Cacao turned to her, his eyebrows furrowed. HollyBerry looked up from her cup, a slight frown on her face. She seemed to have finally decided to intervene.

"You're not going anywhere," Dark Cacao voice rang out.

He stepped forward, blocking the girl's way to the door. His fingers trembled slightly, although his face remained stony. Only a white strand escaped from his braid and stuck to his forehead, a sign of excitement that he did not show.

"You're not in a position to handle him right now. Not with a wolf, not even with what you see. Your courage is not equal to your strength."

"But I can't just sit here," the girl shouted, clutching at the collar of her coat. "He saved me! And now... now if he dies, it'll be on my conscience!"

Her voice broke, and in that moment, she no longer looked like a hero

ready to fight. She was a frightened girl who wanted things to be calm and simple again.

Hollyberry stood up from her seat, quietly setting her cup down. There was no sound, just the gentle clink of porcelain against wood. She approached the girl from behind, carefully, as if approaching a wounded animal.

"Listen," she said softly. "If Pure Vanilla is with him, it means he chose to stay. He knows what he's doing. And if you go there with such a tremor in your hands, you will only complicate everything. And maybe you'll be the first to die"

The girl lowered her eyes. Her lips were trembling.

At that moment, a sound was heard in the hut, as if someone was leaning on the wall outside. A faint, thud. Then silence.

Dark Cacao tensed instantly. He pulled a short knife from the sheath on his belt.

Hollyberry spun around to face the door. The girl froze, barely breathing.

“Is it him?” the girl whispered.

“Or not,” Cacao replied, and took a step toward the door.

The door opened with a dull creak, and Pure Vanilla stumbled inside,

massive, hunched over, and breathing heavily. His scarlet cloak was tattered and covered in dirt, as if he had crawled through the forest on all fours. Beneath it, he wore a tattered set of clothes, torn open at the back, revealing his bare skin, covered in bleeding scratches, as if he had been clawed multiple times.

He managed with a tired, crooked smile, and swayed as if he was about to collapse face forward. But he didn't have time.

He groaned softly in pain, but he didn't push her away. He just held her close with one hand, leaning heavily on the doorjamb with the other. Blood slowly trickled down from his back, soaking the scarlet cloth even darker.

"Keep it down, Lily.… I'm not dead yet," he croaked, almost laughing. "But if you hug me like that again, I will definitely become one."

Dark Cacao approached silently. His eyes studied Vanilla with a cold, focused seriousness. He was already reaching for the medicine box against the wall. Hollyberry looked calm, but her lips were pressed into a thin line as she watched Vanilla's back carefully and silently moved to help.

"Where's the wolf?" Cacao asked quietly.

Vanilla squinted for a moment, as if fighting dizziness.

"He escaped."

"Is he alive?"

"Yes. But if someone doesn't bring water and bandages, only the wolf will survive."

End Notes

So. It was awkward.... Very awkward. And hey !!! I know that Pure Vanilla looks like a twink in the game, as does Shadow Milk. But I was part of the fandom when everyone was drawing him as a muscular macho man, so I can't get rid of it. Sorry

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